THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 10, 1803.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 255.)

WHILE the country exhibited a ſcene of diſtreſs and conſternation—houſes in flames, and families flying on all ſides for aſylum: the loyaliſts to the towns, others to the hills, the body of rebels, under Father John, marched from Oulart, flushed with victory, and perpetually augmented on its way by new acceſſions. They firſt took poſſeſſion of Camolin, a ſmall town ſix miles weſtward of Gorey, the loyal inhabitants of which had taken refuge in the latter; and thence advanced to Ferns two miles further, whence the loyaliſts had fled, ſix miles ſouthward to Enniſcorthy, whither they were followed by the rebels. The number of the latter, on their arrival at Enniſcorthy, which they attacked at one o'clock in the afternoon, amounted to about ſeven thouſand, of whom about eight hundred were armed with guns. The town, ſituate on both ſides of the river Slaney, was garriſoned by about two hundred and ninety men, conſiſting of militia, yeoman infantry and cavalry, beſide ſome volunteers. At the weſtern ſide of the town, called the Duffry-gate, whither the yeoman infantry had marched to meet them, the rebels, driving before them a number of horſes and other cattle to diſorder the ranks of their opponents, a ſtratagem which had been practiſed by other bodies of inſurgents at Tara-hill and elſewhere, and raiſing loud and horrible ſhouts, according to their univerſal cuſtom on ſuch occaſions, made an irregular but furious onſet. As the North Cork militia, whoſe commander, with a conduct not eaſily comprehenſible by unmilitary men, had not without the utmoſt difficulty, and moſt earneſt entreaties, been perſuaded to lead his men from the bridge,

and to form a left wing to the defending army, retreated to their former ſtation, the brave yeomen, who compoſed the right wing, finding themſelves totally unſupported, and unable to withſtand alone the multitude of aſſailants, retreated after a few diſcharges of muſketry to the market-houſe, where they made a ſtand. A diſorderly fight was maintained in the town, which, to render it untenable, was fired in many parts by the diſaffected part of the inhabitants, ſome of whom alſo aimed ſhots from the windows at the garriſon. The aſſailants in a ſhort time extending themſelves around, and making diſpoſitions to ford the river in ſeveral places, were galled from the bridge, which was now become the ſtation of defence, by the fire of the militia, who doubtleſs, if their force had been properly directed from the beginning of the attack, in conjunction with the yeomen, would have either entirely repulſed the rebels, or committed ſuch havoc among them as greatly to check their ardour for the proſecution of their ſchemes. Notwithſtanding the little aſſiſtance, except at the bridge, received from the militia by the yeomen and volunteers, ſo fluctuating for ſome time was the ſucceſs of the day, that many perſons, to avoid the fury of each prevailing party in turn, alternately hoiſted the orange and the green ribbon. At length, when the rebels, wading acroſs the river, which was then low, both above and below the bridge, up to the middle in water, ſome to the neck, had entered the eaſtern part, called Templeſhannon, and ſet ſome houſes on fire, the garriſon, after a gallant defence of above three hours, in which the Enniſcorthy infantry, commanded by Captain Joſhua Pounden, fired above forty rounds each man, abandoned the town, and retreated in great diſorder to Wexford. The loſs of the garriſon, including volunteers, amounted to near ninety, among whom was John Pounden, of Daphne, Eſq. a gentleman univerſally beloved; that of the rebels, who certainly ſuffered a very galling fire, was ſaid to be five hundred; but I am inclined to think that half that number would be nearer the truth. Before the yeomanry quitted the town they had expended their ammunition, though they had repeatedly filled their pouches from the militia magazine.

Moſt of the loyal inhabitants of Enniſcorthy, and a multitude of others, who had come thither for protection, fled through the flames toward Wexford; and providentially the direction and weakneſs of the wind favoured their eſcape, for they could not have otherwiſe paſſed through the burning ſtreets. The terror, conſternation, and diſtreſs, of theſe fugitives, is not to be deſcribed, flying for their lives in a confuſed multitude, without diſtinction of rank, ſex, or age, almoſt all on foot, and leaving all their effects in the hands of their enemies. The ſtate of their minds may be ſomewhat conceived from the following circumſtance, that women, habituated to all the indulgence

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which an affluent fortune affords, not only fled on foot, but alſo in that ſituation carried their infants on their backs to Wexford,* the diſtance of which from Enniſcorthy is eleven Iriſh, or fourteen Engliſh miles. Some ladies, however, were utterly unable to perform this march, and muſt have been abandoned to their fate if they had not found ſome means of conveyance. For inſtance, Mrs. Handcock, wife to a very reſpectable clergyman, fell, in her attempt to eſcape through the ſtreets, on a heap of burning matter, from which horrible ſituation ſhe was with difficulty raiſed by her huſband, aſſiſted by a ſoldier, named John Mac Donough, and could proceed no farther until ſhe was accommodated with a horſe by the humanity of a yeoman, In the deplorable condition of theſe fugitives, two circumſtances were favourable: the weather was remakable fine, and they were not purſued. Without the latter circumſtance moſt of them muſt have been deſtroyed or captured. Some, who found not the opportunity of eſcape, were butchered in the ſtreets, or impriſoned and reſerved for future butchery by the rebels.

The miſerable fugitives from Enniſcorthy found their ſituation far from ſafe in Wexford. This town had been in a ſtate of alarm ſince the firſt news of the inſurrection, but particularly after the ſlaughter of the North Cork militia at Oulart on the 27th. The defence of this poſt, inſtead of a field-battle with the rebels, was now the object of the garriſon. Among the modes of preparation for defence, adopted on this occaſion, the fires were ordered to be extinguiſhed, and the roofs of the thatched houſes to be ſtripped, leſt the diſaffected inhabitants ſhould fire the town, to favour the aſſailants, as thoſe of Enniſcorthy had done.

To diſperſe the inſurgents, if poſſible, without battle or conceſſion, or perhaps to divert their attention and retard their progreſs, an expedient was aſſayed by Captain Boyd, of the Wexford cavalry. This officer had, in conſequence of a reſolution to that purpoſe of the ſheriff and other gentlemen, on the 26th and 27th, from information or ſuſpicion of treaſonable deſigns, arreſted Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, of Bargycaſtle, John Henry Colclough, of Ballyteig, and Edward Fitzgerald, of Newpark—all three gentlemen of the county of Wexford. Viſiting them in priſon on the 29th, Captain Boyd agreed with theſe gentlemen that one of them ſhould go to the rebels at Enniſcorthy, and endeavour to perſuade them to diſperſe and return to their homes; but would not give authority to promiſe any terms to

* Mrs. Pounden, wife of Captain Pounden, waded twice through the river Slaney, under the fire of both parties, and eſcaped, with one child, unhurt. She was obliged to leave ſix children behind her in the burning town.

the inſurgents in caſe of ſubmiſſion. Colclough, at the requeſt of Harvey, ſtipulated to go on condition of being permitted to bring Fitzgerald with him. On the arrival of theſe two gentlemen at Enniſcorthy, about four in the afternoon of the ſame day, they found the rebels in a ſtate of confuſion, diſtracted in their councils, and undetermined in any plan of operations—ſome propoſing to attack Newtownbarry, others Roſs, others Wexford; others to remain in their preſent poſt; the greateſt number to march home for the defence of their houſes againſt orangemen. But when ſhouts, repeated from group to group, announced the arrival of the *gentlemen priſoners*, as they were called, from Wexford, the ſtraggling multitude ſoon collected into one body. The rebel gentlemen's meſſage being delivered without effect, Colclough, a man of honour, retired with intention of re-entering his priſon, according to his promiſe; but Fitzgerald remained with the rebels, and marched with them that evening to a poſt called the Three-rocks, two miles and a half from Wexford, which town they had, immediately after the arrival of the meſſengers, determined to attack.

General Fawcet marched on the morning of the 29th; but unfortunately halting at Taghmon, ſeven miles from Wexford, he had ſent forward a detachment of eighty-eight men, including eighteen of the artillery, with the howitzers, under the command of Captain Adams, of the Meath militia. This detachment was intercepted early in the morning of the 30th, under Three-rocks, by the rebel army, the howitzers taken, and almoſt the whole party ſlain. The general is ſaid to have been in bed when he received the news of this diſaſter, and falling back precipitately with his army to Duncannon, to have ſent his family to England—detaining the packet-boat two hours for that purpoſe.

Informed of the deſtruction of Captain Adams's detachment by Lieutenant Fairclough, of the Meath militia, and Lieutenant Birch, of the artillery, who had eſcaped the ſlaughter, and were brought to Windmill-hill by the patrole guards, Colonel Maxwell advanced immediately with what forces he could collect towards the enemy, with deſign to retake the howitzers, and to co-operate with General Fawcet, of whoſe retreat he had no ſuſpicion. When he arrived within cannon-ſhot of the rebels, he found that the howitzers had been drawn to the top of the ridge, and that ſhells were thrown at his army with a preciſion which evinced the operation of ſome ſkilful managers. After ſome diſcharges of his ſix-pounder in return, the colonel obſerving his left flank expoſed by the retreat of ſome of the Taghmon cavalry, the enemy making a motion to ſurround him, and no appearance of General Fawcet, retired in good order to Wexford, with the loſs of Lieutenant-Colonel Watſon killed, and two privates wounded.

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The ſituation of Wexford, commanded by hills, rendered it indefenſible againſt artillery, by a garriſon of only ſix hundred men, when the increaſing number of the rebels at Three-rocks amounted to fifteen thouſand, beſide a ſtrong force left at Enniſcorthy. A number of diſaffected yeomen deſerted to the enemy; many concealed rebels were with good reaſon ſuſpected to be awaiting within the town an opportunity of co-operating with their aſſociates without; and, to complete the diſtruſt and depreſſion of ſpirits of the reſt of the garriſon, the North Cork militia, who had been ſtationed near the barrack, quitted their poſt about half after ten o'clock, directing their march to Duncannon; and were followed immediately, and ſoon overtaken, by Captain Cornock with his yeoman infantry, who retreated in like manner. Theſe conſiderations obliged Colonel Maxwell to evacuate Wexford; and two deputies, Counſellor Richards, and his brother, an apothecary, being ſent to notify the evacuation to the rebels, to prevent them from acting as if the town had been taken by ſtorm, the army retreated to the fort of Duncannon, twenty-three miles diſtant, accompanied by ſuch of the loyal inhabitants and refugees from other places as were apprized of the intended evacuation, and were willing and able to perform the march; but, as the troops may be ſaid to have ſtolen away from the town, great numbers were left in the power of the rebels, merely by their ignorance of an intended retreat.

(To be continued.)

ISABELLA WILSON.

[From Buchan's Duty of Mothers.]

ISABELLA WILSON was in early life a very promiſing child, and the object of her mother's idolatry. This good woman had no idea that health and beauty were more likely to be deſtroyed than improved or preſerved by exceſſive care. In the choice of diet, clothes, exerciſe, &c. the delicacy of her ſweet girl was always the ruling idea. It is eaſy, indeed, to render the human frame more delicate; but to make it more robuſt, requires a very different mode of proceeding.

As the child did not ſeem afflicted with any particular complaint, the doating mother exulted at the happy effects of her own management, and never thought that the taper form, the fine limbs, and the languiſhing ſoftneſs, which ſhe ſo much admired, were the ſure ſymptoms of debility, and of latent diſeaſe.

Iſabella's mental improvement, in which ſhe ſurpaſſed many other young girls of her age at the ſame ſchool, was no

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leſs flattering to her miſtaken parents. But ſhe had ſcarcely attained her 14th year before the fond alluſion vaniſhed, and the regular functions of both mind and body were ſuſpended by a fit of the moſt extraordinary nature. I cannot avoid making one remark here, which may be of great practical utility. It is, that fits, though they go by different names, and are aſcribed to a great variety of cauſes, may all be ranked under the general appellation of nervous affections, and are almoſt always the conſequence of bad nurſing, or injudicious treatment in childhood. Few children, properly nurſed, have fits; and of thoſe who are improperly managed, few eſcape them. Poor Bell Wilſon was one of the unfortunate claſs.

On my being ſent for to attend this young woman, who was then 16, I was informed that ſhe had been ſubject to fits for about three years, and had taken a great deal of medicine by the advice of ſeveral of the faculty, but without having experienced any benefit. Though the perſon who gave me this account made uſe of the word fits, I ſoon found that, ſtrictly ſpeaking, it was only one fit, that aſſumed two different forms or ſtates, which followed one another in conſtant ſucceſſion during the whole of the above period.

In order to give a preciſe idea of this ſingular kind of fit, I ſhall call its firſt ſtate *active*, and the ſecond *paſſive*. During the former, the young woman made uſe of the moſt violent exertions, ſpringing up, throwing her arms about, and ſtriking them againſt every thing which came within her reach; at the ſame time, ſhe uttered a ſort of noiſe, conſiſting of three notes, which was more like the cry of ſome wild beaſt than any thing human.

An univerſal ſpaſm ſucceeded thoſe ſtrange agitations, and every limb became as ſtiff and inflexible as if it had been ſuddenly petrified. Her whole appearance was that of a ſtatue made of Parian marble. In this ſtate of rigidity ſhe continued ſometimes for one hour, ſometimes two, and often three or four; but the moment it was over, ſhe began with the cry and motion above deſcribed.

The active convulſion never laſted ſo long as the rigid ſtate; but it was the only time at which any thing could be got down her throat. As ſhe would not admit ſubſtances of the leaſt ſolidity into her mouth, the little nutriment which ſhe received was always given in a fluid form, and chiefly conſiſted of ſmall-beer, or wine and water. Her evacuations either by ſtool or urine, were of courſe very trifling, and ſhe was wholly inſenſible of both. Notwithſtanding the thinneſs of her diet, ſhe did not appear emaciated or ghaſtly; on the contrary, ſhe was tolerably well in fleſh, and her countenance, though quite void of colour, was rather pleaſing. Her figure was exquiſitely fine, the diſeaſe did not appear to have prevented her growth in height, though

it had in ſtrength, and in bulk or expanſion; ſhe was very ſlender, but as tall as moſt young women of the ſame age. Such were the moſt ſtriking peculiarities of her ſituation when I paid my firſt viſit.

As all the voluntary motions were ſuſpended, and the involuntary alone took place, I thought that by exciting the former I might ſuppreſs the latter, which had ſo long agitated the ſyſtem. But before I had recourſe to ſtimulants, I was induced, by the tone of confidence with which I had often heard anodynes and antiſpaſmodicks ſpoken of by profeſſional men of eminence, to try them firſt; but the experiment, though fairly made and duly perſevered in, was not attended with the leaſt ſucceſs. And here I muſt obſerve, that after forty years farther practice, I have never found the effect of antiſpaſmodicks in ſuch caſes to correſpond with the high reputation which they long retained in the medical world. I know it has been the uſual method, when the actions of the ſyſtem appear to be inverted, to employ this claſs of medicines, in order to reſtore regularity, and to take off the ſuppoſed ſpaſm. I am far from being inclined to queſtion the veracity of the favourable reports made by others of the iſſue of their experiments; I candidly ſtate the reſult of my own, which has wholly deſtroyed my reliance on that mode of proceeding.

After the failure of the above attempts, in which I was more guided by the example of others than by the dictates of my own mind, I reſolved to try the effect of irritation on the moſt ſenſible parts, which were often rubbed with æther, and other volatile ſpirits. I preſcribed at the ſame time the internal uſe of tonics, particularly chalybeated wine, and the compound tincture of bark.* Appearances ſoon became favourable: but as the change for the better was ſlow, the parents were perſuaded by ſomebody to try the cold bath; and this raſh ſtep proved almoſt fatal to my hopes, and to their fondeſt wiſhes.

The reader ſhould be informed, that the aſtoniſhing ſingularity of the girl's diſorder, had filled the minds of the country people all around with the wildeſt and moſt ſuperſtitious conjectures. The general opinion was, that the complaint muſt be owing to evil ſpirits, and that the girl was certainly poſſeſſed. Some were for putting her into water, where they were ſure ſhe would ſwim. Others ſaid that, if ſhe was laid upon the fire, ſhe would undoubtedly fly up the chimney. One bold captain of horſe, a man of more reſolution than intellect, declared his readineſs to expel the foul fiend by ſhooting the girl, if the parents would give

* I have here omitted the detail of doſes and effects, uſually given in medical caſes, as I am not writing inſtructions for the treatment of diſeaſes, but cautions to mothers concerning the nurſing of their children.

give him leave. Her mother who was not deficient in natural good ſenſe, though in the education of her daughter ſhe had ſuffered her fondneſs to get the better of her underſtanding, paid no regard to ſuch abſurd and ridiculous propoſals; but ſhe yielded to the importunities of a friend, who had deſcribed to her with great earneſtneſs and plauſibility the wonderful effects of the cold bath.

A ſingle immerſion convinced the parents of their dangerous error. All the ſymptoms were aggravated in the moſt alarming manner. The duration of the rigid ſtate of the body was extended from a few hours to eleven days. She would then have been buried, had I not poſitively forbidden her mother, whatever might happen, to have her inferred, till I ſhould give my aſſent. At the time of this laſt attack I was upon a journey to a diſtant part of the country. On my return home, I was told that my patient was dead; but that her burial had been delayed till I ſhould ſee her. When I called, I found her to all appearance what the people had deſcribed her, a lifeleſs corpſe.—On examining the body, however, I thought I perceived ſome degree of warmth about the region of the heart. This confirmed me in my previous deſign to make every attempt to reſtore animation. It was a conſiderable time before any ſymptoms of life appeared; at length, the girl ſet up her old cry, and began to throw her arms about as uſual.

After having ſo far ſucceeded, the parents implicitly followed my farther directions, and did not throw any new obſtacle in the way of a cure. I again had recourſe to the tonics before mentioned, with ſuch nouriſhment as the girl could be brought to ſwallow. The violence of the convuſive motions gradually abated, and the duration of the rigid ſtate of the fit grew ſhorter and ſhorter; till, in about ſix months, the whole ceaſed, and the regular and natural actions of the ſyſtem returned.

The ſtate of this girl's mind, as well as of her body, on her recovery, was as extraordinary as her diſeaſe. It is common to all perſons who fall into fits, to have no remembrance of what happens during the paroxyſm. This young woman not only was inſenſible of every occurrence, and of the progreſs of time during her long fit, but her malady had completely blotted out all recollection of every event before that period, and even the traces of all knowledge which ſhe had acquired from the moment of her birth to her illneſs. I have indeed known a ſingle fit of 24 hours duration to deſtroy the powers of the mind, and produce abſolute idiotiſm; but that was not the caſe here. The mental faculties, after a total ſuſpenſion for four years, were not deſtroyed, but reduced to an infant ſtate; and, though void of knowledge, were as capable of acquiring it as ever.

It was juſt the ſame with regard to ſpeech, and to the proper management of the legs and arms, of which ſhe knew ſo little

at the time of her recovery as at the inſtant of her birth. Nothing could be more curious than to hear her liſping for ſome months the *mamby pamby* of a child, and to trace her progreſs in the imitation of ſounds, and the uſe of language. As ſoon as ſhe could converſe, ſhe was told how long ſhe had been ill; ſhe cried, but could not believe it. When ſome books, which ſhe had written at ſchool, were ſhewn to her, ſhe thought it impoſſible they could be her's, and was poſitive that the whole muſt be a mockery. In the courſe of time ſhe yielded to the concurrent teſtimony of others; but ſhe remained unconſcious of any former ſtate of exiſtence.

Her new attempts to walk were as awkward as her attempts to ſpeak; and ſhe required nearly as much time to recover the perfect uſe of her legs as of her tongue. Even after ſhe had acquired a conſiderable degree of ſtrength, ſhe wanted expertneſs in her motions, and was obliged to be led about by the arms like a baby. Whenever I called to ſee her, I made a point of taking her into the garden to walk with me; but it was with great difficulty that I could prevent her from falling. We often lament the weakneſs of infancy; yet were we to come full grown into the world, we ſhould not only be as long in learning to walk as infants are, but our firſt eſſays would be infinitely more dangerous.

It is unneceſſary to trace any farther the ſteps by which this young woman advanced to the full re-eſtabliſhment of her health, and to the perfect uſe of all her mental and corporeal faculties. Theſe great ends were gained by a mode of treatment the very reverſe of the enervating plan which had been the cauſe of her long ſufferings, but which, happily for her, was not afterwards reſumed.

I ſhall leave tender parents to make their own reflections on this caſe, and ſhall now only urge it as a farther caution againſt the too haſty interment of perſons who may ſeem to expire in a fit. Unequivocal proofs of death ſhould always be waited for, and every adviſeable means of reſuſcitation perſevered in, when we conſider how long appearances may be deceitful, and how unexpectedly the latent ſparks of life may be re-kindled.

Beſides the uncommon inſtance of this young woman's reanimation, as it may be called, I have heard of a young lady in Holland, who was reſtored to her deſponding friends, after ſhe had been for nine days apparently in a ſtate of death. The day before her propoſed interment, her doctor called to take his final leave of her; but fancying that he perceived ſome vital ſymptom, he renewed his before hopeleſs efforts, and had the happineſs to ſucceed. This girl's caſe differed from that of my patient in one very remarkable particular. I am told, that in her ſeemingly inanimate ſtate, ſhe was all the while perfectly con-

ſcious of being alive, though ſhe could not ſtir, nor ſpeak, and that her only terror was leſt ſhe ſhould be buried alive.

INSTANCES *of* CRUELTY *to* ANIMALS.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IT has been remarked by ſome author that the Engliſh nation is more addicted to cruelty than any other enlightened people in Europe; and though we muſt naturally be reluctant in admitting a charge of ſo diſgraceful a nature, yet, a little attention to what is paſſing around us, particularly in reſpect to our indifference to the ſufferings of the brute creation, will I fear rather corroborate than refute the aſſertion.

An attentive obſerver cannot paſs through the ſtreets, without frequently exclaiming againſt the inhumanity of carters, coachmen, butchers, and others, who unfortunately have the ſuperintendance of horſes, and other animals; but as ſuch inſtances are too flagrant to require any comment here, I ſhall confine my remarks to two inſtances of diabolical cruelty, which perhaps are not generally known.

A gentlemen of my acquaintance was eye-witneſs to an inſtance of this horrid propenſity, near Buxton; a fellow exhibited a bear which was tied to a ſtake, with a ſmall length of chain allowed; the bear was not however attacked by dogs, as uſual, but by monſters in human ſhape, who diverted themſelves by trundling a wheel-barrow at it—if this machine ſtruck the animal, the bearward paid 6d. to him who twirled the barrow; and if it miſſed, (which was oftener the caſe, as the poor bear from woeful experience had acquired conſiderable dexterity in avoiding the blow,) then the bearward received 6d. It does not appear that this daſtardly game has any tendency to improve the courage of the champions engaged in it; but it ſeems very well calculated to promote the practice of deliberate murder!

The other inſtance which fell within my own own obſervation, ſeems to me to combine more aſſociations of a kind diſgraceful to human nature, than any other I remember ever to have heard of.

As I paſſed through a lane a few days before laſt Shrove Tueſday, I obſerved a conſiderable crowd in an adjoining field, enjoying ſome game, in which a number of boys were buſily employed; on a nearer approach, I ſaw ten or twelve boys, with their hands tied, purſuing a cock, the wings of which had been previouſly clipped to retard its eſcape; on enquiry, I learnt that this poor creature was to be the prize of him who could

could carry it off to a certain part of the field, in his teeth; this, unfortunately for the object of their purſuit, was no very eaſy taſk, and the ſcene I witneſſed in its proſecution was ſuch, as ſurely was never equalled in the annals of brutality! and though it was with conſiderable pain I viewed ſuch a fight, yet a determination to acquaint myſelf with circumſtances, which would enable me to expoſe ſuch depravity, without exaggeration, compelled me to remain.

The cock, as in moſt ſuch ſports, had a little ſtart allowed, when, on a ſignal, all its purſuers gave chace; the firſt who came up with it, endeavoured to ſtun it with his foot, and, if that failed, his next reſource was to fall upon it with his body, full length, in which poſition he contrived to fix his teeth in ſome part, but the head was uſually preferred, as the animal could not very eaſily retaliate in this ſituation! ſometimes all theſe bloodhounds were down upon or near the poor cock at the ſame time, one pulling it by the feet, and another by the wings, and a third tugging at its head, till the weakeſt part gave way, and the ſtrongeſt teeth bore away the prize in triumph! whilſt the poor creature ſtruggled ſo violently, as at times, by its convulſions, to eſcape for a moment the monſter's jaws; but if the conqueror proved too ſtrong to permit this momentary eſcape, his triumph was of very ſhort duration, for by the rules of this game, the unſucceſsful followers were permitted to trip the heels of the hero who was thus bearing away the prize, which they generally contrived to do, and before he could arrive at the goal, he was uſually overthrown by his purſuers, who, falling upon him and each other, with the wretched animal in the midſt of them, reſumed this inhuman ſtruggle; and from the remaining ſtrength of the cock, when I could no longer bear ſuch a ſight, and from the difficulty of accompliſhing their purpoſe, I fear this brutal buſineſs laſted much longer; but my pain at beholding ſuch barbarity was ſomewhat alleviated by the conviction that the poor bruiſed cock would ſoon be as inſenſible as the ſurrounding wretches; and I retired with this impreſſion, and the determination to uſe all my influence with the magiſtrates to have this abuſe inveſtigated.

Who is there ſo callous as to hear the plain unembelliſhed recital of ſuch barbarity, without the utmoſt indignation?—who can retire from ſuch ſcenes, and flatter himſelf he does his duty merely in ſhunning them, without endeavouring all in his power to procure their total abolition? Every member of ſociety is or ought to be deeply intereſted in preventing the early pollution of the minds of their children, or the riſing generation, by removing ſuch ſhocking examples from before them. To the diſgrace of human nature, moſt of the leſs cruel diverſions which I have mentioned are conducted by men! but in this refinement upon all former ſpecies of cruelty, boys are

ſelected, encouraged by the men, and taught to make uſe of their teeth like cannibals; and I know no one inſtance in which every bad human propenſity or paſſion is ſo called forth, as in the one I have adduced; for the rancour theſe boys ſhewed to each other was no way inferior to the total inſenſibility they diſplayed to the ſufferings of the object of their perſecution!

If this paper ſhould fortunately fall into the hands of thoſe who have the diſpoſition to relieve the ſufferings of the brute creation, and at the ſame time the power to carry into effect ſuch purpoſe, I hope the truth contained in it will make ſuch impreſſion as it was intended to produce; for if ſuch enormous vice is not checked, we need not wonder if our priſons overflow, and public executions become ſo frequent, as to loſe the effect they were intended to have on the public mind.

Your's, &c.

EGERTON SMITH.

Liverpool, March 1, 1803.

Some ACCOUNT *of the* EMMET FAMILY.

ROBERT EMMET, Esq. who was lately hanged at Dublin for high treaſon, was the youngeſt ſon of Dr. Robert Emmet, a licentiate of the college of phyſicians in Ireland, phyſician to the lord lieutenant's houſehold, and to the hoſpital for lunatics, founded by the celebrated Dean Swift, at Bowbridge, near Dublin.

The doctor, having purchaſed the ſituation he now holds from the late Dr. Robinſon, upwards of thirty years ago, removed with his family from Cork to Dublin, where he has continued to practiſe, though not in the firſt line, yet with conſiderable celebrity. He is a man of venerable appearance, grave deportment, impreſſive manner, and eaſy unaffected politeneſs in converſation and addreſs: and though he has been always remarkable for giving his opinion freely reſpecting men, meaſures, and the conduct of political affairs in general, he has never been ſuſpected of any tendency to aſſiſt at treaſonable or ſeditious cabals. He beſtowed uncommon pains on the education of his three ſons—Temple, Thomas Addis, and Robert. The firſt was bred to the law, and was for ſeveral years looked up to as one of the moſt ingenious, induſtrious, and eloquent young men at the Iriſh bar, when he was cut off in the prime of life by a fever, which he caught on a circuit. His ſecond brother (Thomas Addis) had juſt at that period returned from Edinburgh, where he had taken his degree as a doctor of medicine; but either conceiving that his talents were better adapted to the forum, or encouraged by the eminence his deceaſed brother had attained, in a few years he relinquiſhed his original profeſſion, entered

entered himſelf at the Temple, and after the ordinary courſe of ſtudy and attendance was called to the Iriſh bar; to which he bade fair to become a no leſs ſhining ornament than his brother had been, until dazzled by the ſeducing proſpects which the ſeparation of Ireland from the mother country, premeditated by the Iriſh jacobins, opened to his enthuſiaſtic and ſanguine imagination, he became an active and conſpicuous leader in the councils of an aſſociation of revolutionary traitors, who called themſelves United Iriſhmen. In this ſituation he, in concert with Tone, the two Sheares', Mac Nevin, Bagnal Harvey, and ſeveral others, continued to iſſue manifeſtoes, and digeſt a code of laws and regulations, for the government of the country, after it ſhould be delivered, to uſe their own language, from the tyranny and oppreſſive ſlavery of Great Britain, until he was arreſted by an order of the privy council; and after a full confeſſion of all the plans of his party before a committee of the Iriſh houſe of commons, he was ſentenced to be confined, with ſeveral of his aſſociates, at Fort St. George, Scotland; from whence he was, by the miſtaken lenity of government, permitted to tranſport himſelf to France, after the ſigning of the treaty of Amiens. But whether he remains there at preſent, or has found his way back into his native country, which he has contributed to ſeduce from its allegiance to the beſt of ſovereigns, is a matter not yet accurately aſcertained, The writer of this is rather inclined to think he is not in Ireland, where, from the very ſingular appearance that his being remarkably ſhort-ſighted gives him, it is impoſſible he could venture to go about without being immediately recogniſed by ſome of the loyal perſons with whom he was acquainted.

The youngeſt ſon, Robert, was alſo intended for the bar; but having been convicted of an attempt to introduce the ſpirit of diſaffection into the Iriſh univerſity, in which he was a ſtudent, he was, with eighteen other young rebels, publicly expelled in the year 1798: ſince which he has been rambling over various parts of the continent, when the renewal of hoſtilities revived his hope of being able to effect the long-wiſhed for object of himſelf and party—the ſeparation of Ireland from its connection with Great-Britain; this induced him to return, and enter upon the daring attempt of ſeizing the caſtle of Dublin, which was fortunately fruſtrated, and ſo deſervedly brought him to an ignominious death upon the gallows, on Tueſday the 20th of September laſt.

FEMALE FASHIONS *for* OCTOBER.

Evening Dress.

A Trained petticoat of white muſlin, with a ſhort dreſs of pale blue ſilk or ſham muſlin, trimmed all round with broad black

black lace; plain white ſleeves of lace or embroidered muſlin. Habit ſhirt of lace. The hair repreſented in the moſt faſhionable form.

WALKING DRESS.

Short round dreſs of white muſlin; pelice of tea-coloured ſilk, drawn cloſe round the neck, and trimmed all round with very broad black lace. A large ſtraw bonnet, lined with pink, and turned up all round.

HEAD-DRESSES.—1. A white lace veil, placed on the head to form a cap. The right ſide hanging careleſsly over the face, and ornamented with a row of beads, and a medallion.—The left ſide drawn cloſe over the hair with a wreath of roſes. 2. Head-dreſs of hair, banded with hair and beads.—A white oſtrich feather in front. 3. A large ſtraw bonnet, turned up in front, and lined with blue. 4. Cap of lace or muſlin, ornamented with a green wreath. 5. White beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with roſes. 6. The hair dreſſed with a black velvet band, and gem claſp. 7. A Chineſe hat, trimmed round the edge with white lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. 8. A white veil thrown careleſsly over the hair, and confined with a wreath of myrtle.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

At this ſeaſon little alteration takes place in the general ornaments of dreſs; a few pelices have appeared, but white cloaks or fur tippets are yet moſt prevalent. In full dreſs, feathers and flowers are invariably uſed. The make of the dreſſes has not differed ſince laſt month. Lace is ſtill much worn. The favourite colours are lilac, blue and pea-green.

Remarkable Generoſity of a Young Woman at Bruſſels.

[From Segur's Influence and Condition of Women in Society.]

THE niece of a ſexton at Bruſſels was equally fortunate in ſuccouring a Frenchman, who had fled thither for refuge in thoſe days of blood. It was after the battle of Flurus, when the French troops retreated into Belgium. In danger of being taken priſoner at Bruſſels, he was flying from his purſuers, when paſſing by a door at which a young woman was ſitting, inſtigated by pity, ſhe called out to him to ſtop, adding, "You are loſt if you proceed."—"And if I return," replied he, "I am loſt alſo."—"Well then," ſaid ſhe, "enter here." He accepted her offer. After having acquainted him that the houſe belonged to her uncle, who would not ſuffer her to ſhelter him if he knew it—ſhe conducted him to a barn, where ſhe concealed him. Scarcely was it dark when ſome ſoldiers came to take up

their quarters for the night, in this very barn. The niece watched them unperceived; and when they were aſleep, ſhe crept ſoftly to the place, where ſhe had hidden the young man, to remove him from a ſituation which had become ſo dangerous. Juſt, however, as he was quitting the barn, one of the ſoldiers awoke, and ſeized him by the hand. In an inſtant ſhe glided between them, exclaiming, "Leave me alone, do, it is I who?" There was no occaſion to finiſh the ſentence: the ſoldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, releaſed his captive.

She then conducted the *protegé* to her own chamber; and taking from thence a lamp and the keys of the church, they proceeded thither, and at length arrived at a little chapel, which the ravages of war had deſpoiled of its decorations. Behind the altar there was a trap-door, which it was extremely difficult to diſcover.—When it was lifted up, "You perceive," ſaid ſhe, "thoſe dark ſteps; they lead to a vault, which holds the remains of an illuſtrious family; it is not probable that they will ſuſpect you to be concealed in this gloomy retreat. Have the courage to remain here, and I will apprize you of the firſt opportunity of effecting your eſcape."—The Frenchman did not heſitate; he deſcended boldly. What was his ſurpriſe, when caſting his eyes around, the firſt objects which he perceived by the light of the lamp, were the arms of his own family, which was originally of Bruſſels. He recognized the tombs of his anceſtors; he ſaluted their remains with reverence, gazed with tender melancholy upon the marble which encloſed them. While he was indulging theſe reflections the ſexton's niece retired.

In the pleaſing recollections thus recalled to his mind, and in the cheriſhed hope of again beholding a wife, whom he adored, he for a conſiderable time forgot the horrors of his drear abode. Two days, however, having elapſed, without the return of his fair deliverer, he began to be terrified with a variety of apprehenſions. Sometimes he imagined that ſhe had fallen a victim to her generoſity; and at others he was ſeized with the dreadful perſuaſion, that ſhe had forgotten him. The dread of abſolutely periſhing through want of food, now added new horrors to his ſituation, and a more dreadful death appeared to threaten him, than that from which he had eſcaped. His ſpirits failed; his energies forſook him, and he ſunk ſenſeleſs on the coffin of one of his anceſtors.

At length a noiſe rouſed his attention; it was the voice of his tender-hearted deliverer who was calling him; the joy he felt in his exhauſted ſtate overpowered him, and when he would have anſwered her, the power of utterance failed him. She, conſtruing his ſilence into that of death, was ſeized with a chilling horror, and let the trap-door fall. The unhappy man, feeling all the horrors of his threatened fate, made a moſt violent

effort,

effort, and ſhrieked aloud: ſhe heard his ſcreams, and returning, haſtened to him with refreſhment, and conſoled him by an explanation of the cauſes of her long abſence, and an aſſurance that ſhe had taken ſuch ſteps as would infallibly prevent their recurrence. She was about to leave him, when the claſhing of arms ſtruck his ear; ſhe inſtantly retired, and beckoned to the Frenchman to be ſilent. It was in fact, a party of armed ſoldiers, who had accuſed the ſexton of having concealed an emigrant in the church, and he being perfectly ignorant of the imprudence of his niece, had brought thither for the purpoſe of ſatisfying themſelves of his innocence, by a ſtrict ſearch. No part of the church eſcaped their vigilant ſearch; they examined every corner, and even marched over the trap-door. What a terrible ſituation for the two priſoners! Every ſtep which they heard penetrated their hearts, and ſeemed to them the approach of their laſt moment.—The noiſe, however, gradually ſubſided, and at length entirely ceaſed.

The young woman then ventured forth, and cautiouſly ſurveyed the church, where a profound ſilence now reigned. She returned to quiet the alarms of the young Frenchman, and then retired. For ſeveral days after this event ſhe regularly brought him his daily ſuſtenance, until at length the moment arrived when he was enabled to quit his ſubterraneous retreat with ſafety. He then bade a tender and reſpectful farewell to the names of his anceſtors, which had thus protected him, aſcended living from the tomb, regained the open air, and ſwiftly flew to the embraces of a wife, whoſe fond and endearing careſſes taught him ſtill more highly to appreciate the benevolent interference of his generous deliverer.

CHARACTER *of the* ESTHONIANS *and* LIVONIANS.

THERE is no difference between the Eſthonians and the Livonians, except in their language and dreſs. The former wear black; and the latter, grey clothes. Their language is quite different; the Livonians have many of the German, and ſome Sclavonian words. They pronounce all their German words very ſoft; and this ſeems to argue that they have a very refined and delicate ear. But when we obſerve their ſlowneſs, lazineſs, and awkwardneſs, we muſt be ſatisfied of their being blockheads. They are reproached as a nation of drones, who would do nothing but by compulſion; and probably not a little of compulſion is employed; for they labour very hard, and a peaſant in Livonia or Eſthonia yields his maſter four times as much profit as a Calan or Sambriſt peaſant. Theſe poor people, who work the whole week through penury and compulſion, are at the ſame time extremely merry on holidays; of thoſe, they have, however, but few in their calendar.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domeſtic character. As a mother ſhe ſhone in a conſpicuous manner, by the attention which ſhe paid to cultivating the diſpoſitions of her children. Of her majeſty's ſuperior talent for that tender office, of her adroitneſs in ſeizing the happy moment to inſtil virtuous principles, the following anecdote records an inſtance, which ought never to be forgotten:—

The princeſs royal was accuſtomed at going to reſt to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her till ſhe ſhould drop aſleep. It happened one evening that the lady who was appointed to perform this office, being indiſpoſed, could not, without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of ſtanding; yet the princeſs was inattentive to her ſituation, and ſuffered her to continue reading till ſhe fell down in a ſwoon.

The queen was informed of this the next morning. Her majeſty ſaid nothing upon the ſubject, but at night, when ſhe was in bed, ſent for the princeſs, and ſaying that ſhe wiſhed to be lulled to reſt, commanded her royal highneſs to read aloud. After ſome time, the princeſs began to be tired of ſtanding, and pauſed, in hope of receiving an order to ſeat herſelf. "Proceed," ſaid her majeſty. In a ſhort time a ſecond ſtop ſeemed to plead for reſt. "Read on," ſaid the queen. Again the princeſs ſtopped—again ſhe received an order to proceed; till at laſt, faint and breathleſs, ſhe was forced to complain.

Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear indulging in eaſe, while ſhe ſuffered her attendants to endure unneceſſary fatigue. An illuſtrious example to mothers how to create and improve occaſions for forming the diſpoſions of their children.

Not the leaſt doubt can be entertained that this ſalutary leſſon made a deep impreſſion upon the mind of the young princeſs, and taught her to remember, that humanity, and a due attention to the comfort of others, are among the moſt attractive qualities of royalty itſelf, and rivet the affections of thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to wait upon them.

A QUESTION, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

BEING once in a very ſpacious and high room, I obſerved the chain that held the branch-candleſtick to make juſt nine vibrations, while the ſeconds pendulum of a time-piece made 59: hence is required the internal height of the room, when the centre of the candleſtick is five feet and ten inches from the floor, and the point of ſuſpenſion ſo high as the roof.

Anſwer, by R. Pentreath, of Mouſehole, to J. Channon's Charade, inſerted the 8th of Auguſt.

ON board a man of war I fear
The BOATSWAIN' call too oft I hear;
The beſt the ſailor likes his call you know,
Is when he pipes to grog, all hands, yo, ho!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Horſey, of Wellington; J. Squance, Orlando, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. Seaward, of Ottery; T. Rutger, of Clowance; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; T. Lee, of Buckfaſtleigh; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; and Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus.

Anſwer, by W. Seaward, of Ottery, to T. Furze's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 15.

THE phantom, Sir, you did conceal,
A BUGBEAR ſurely will reveal.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; Orlando, J. Squance, and W. Strong, of Exeter; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; W. Cole, of Broadhempſton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. Channon, of Ottery; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; and R. Pentreath, of Mouſehole.

A REBUS, *by J. Rouſel, of Lopen, near South Petherton.*

A God of infants firſt pray find;
And then a city bring to mind;
Then for my next a town ſelect;
And then a river, Sirs, detect:
The initials range in order true,
Will bring a plant unto your view.

A REBUS, *by W. Seaward, of Ottery St. Mary.*

YE bards! if you a tree tranſpoſe,
My firſt you'll then detect;
Part of yourſelf pray next diſcloſe,
My ſecond you'll ſelect:
My whole if you ſet down aright,
The ſame connect, Sirs, true,
A borough then will come to ſight,
Sagacious gents. adieu!

A CHARADE, *by R. Holwell, of Exeter.*

T' enjoy my firſt how oft I ramble
Thro' the fields and meadows green,
In May's delightful month when nature
In her great perfection's ſeen;
Then behold the warlike ſoldier,
With my next to battle hies,
Which now begins, behold what ſlaughter!
Perhaps he lives, perchance he lives:
Collect the parts, ye youths, and then,
My dangerous whole you'll quickly ken.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

An Invocation to a Red-breaſt.

PRETTY bird, with crimſon breaſt,
Hither come, and be my gueſt,
From the chilling wintry wind
Here ſhall you protection find;
Deign to cheer my humble roof,
Baniſh fearfulneſs aloof,
Know, ſweet bird, it is not me
That would fright or injure thee.

Here from hunger, care, and ſtrife,
Cheerful paſs each hour of life.
Tho' my cot no luxuries hoard,
Smiling plenty crowns my board;
Bleſs'd with this I envy not,
Thoſe who boaſt a ſplendid lot;
Then, dear bird, to me repair,
And partake a welcome ſhare.

Driv'n by blaſts along the ſky,
See the clouds tumultuous fly;
Now the falling ſnow around,
Dreary clad's the froſty ground.
Scenes like theſe thy ſpirits dull,
Come then to my cheerful cell,
Where the briſk enlivening fire
Will thy heart with joy inſpire.

Come then, ſocial warbler, come,
Make my cottage warm thy home;
Let thy quivering, vocal lay
Animate the gloomy day.
Stay till the returning ſpring
Tempts to ſpread your airy wing;
Then in pleaſure you may rove
Thro' the gay enamell'd grove.

But when wither'd, ruſtling leaves
Fall reluctant from the trees,
And ſtern winter frowns again
Indignant on the meads and plains,
Then, dear Robin, haſte to me,
And enjoy felicity;
At my hand you ſhall receive
Every comfort I can give.

J. PASCAL.

London, Auguſt, 1803.

SOLITUDE, AN ODE.

GENIUS of the deſert wild,
Nature's miſanthropic child!
'Tis within yon hermit cell,
Solitude, thou lov'ſt to dwell,
Or, with fairy feet to dance
O'er the clifted height's expanſe,
Or in the loneſome vale to ſtray,
And trim the lamp of life away!

Hence noiſe and folly, idle brood,
Fly, fly the haunts of ſolitude.
Shrouded in the dumb retreat
Muffled ſilence takes her ſeat,
And melancholy droops her head,
And ſighs and weeps till hope is fled:
While pious ſupplication ſtands
With aſking eye and lifted hands,
And mem'ry graſps in chequer'd ray
The fleeting forms of yeſterday!

Wealth, in purple veſt array'd,
And modeſty, that courts the ſhade;
Truth, diſdaining puff'd pretence,
Meek, unconſcious innocence;
Tranquillity, unknown to care,
Faireſt where all forms are fair;
And ſweet content, that's bleſt to roam
Never from her native home;
Solitude! thy charms ſupply,
And tune the ſoul of harmony.

For thee, when phoſphor's purple beam
Plays upon the chryſtal ſtream;
When the zephyr's ſilky ſway
Chills the fervid heat of day;
When wrapp'd in evening's gloomy damp
The little glow-worm lights her lamp,
Or twilight's herald, bird of care,
Flits beneath the lucid air,
And ſickly tapers ſhed their light
Along the miſty veil of night,
Solitude! for thee I ſigh,
For thou art beſt ſociety!

With thee, from riot's revel reign,
From pleaſure's pantomimic train,
From glory's proſtituted palm,
I ſeek the philoſophic calm;
Whether to track Caucaſian ſnow,
Or in the torrid tropic glow,
To mark the circling ocean's bound,
Or trace a ſtreamlet by its ſound.

Oh! might the hour of muſing ſtay!
Or fly, as they have fled to day:
Now learning's ſacred heaps I'd tread
In converſe with the mighty dead;
Now rove the ſilent walls among,
Where torrents flow'd from Tully's tongue;

Or

Or tow'rd Veſuvius' ſummit turn
To drop a tear on Pliny's urn;
And, as the tell-tale moments fly,
Ponder on immortality.

ADDRESS *to* ENTERPRIZE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

ON lofty mountains roaming,
O'er bleak perennial ſnow,
Where cataracts are foaming,
And raging north winds blow:
Where hungry wolves are prowling,
And famiſh'd eagles cry,
Where tempeſts loud are howling,
And low'ring vapours fly:

There at the peep of morning,
Bedeck'd with dewy tears,
Wild weeds her brows adorning,
Bold enterprize appears;
While keen-ey'd expectation
Still points to objects new;
See panting emulation
Her fleeting ſteps purſue.

Liſt! liſt! celeſtial virgin,
And oh the vow record;
From every care emerging,
I pledge this ſolemn word:
By deſerts, fields, or fountains,
While life, while health remains,
O'er Lapland's icy mountains,
Or Afric's burning plains,

Or 'midſt the darkſome wonders
Which earth's vaſt caves conceal,
Where ſubterranean thunders
Primæval fires reveal;
Where, bright in matchleſs luſtre,
The *Ittaal* flowers unfold,
And 'midſt the beauteous cluſter
Beams effloreſcent gold:

In every varied ſtation,
Whate'er my fate may be,
My hope, my exultation,
Is ſtill to follow thee.
When age, with ſickneſs blended,
Shall check the gay career,
And death, tho' oft ſuſpended,
Shall ſeem to hover near:

Then oft, in viſions fleeting,
May thy fair form be nigh,
And lull thy votary greeting,
Receive his parting ſigh;
And tell a joyful ſtory
Of ſome new world of bliſs,
Eclipſing all the glory
Thou promis'd him in this.

RADEGUNDA.

Lines addreſſed to a young Lady in her Illneſs.

SPRING was the ſeaſon of the reign
of love;
(Thus ſang in fabled legends poets
old)
Ere faith and concord fled to realms
above,
And war to iron turn'd the age of
gold.

'Tis ſpring: and ſweetly thro' the
woods and dales
The breath of nature and of muſic
plays:
Enamour'd birds repeat their tender
tales,
And build their neſts among the bud-
ding ſprays.

'Tis morn, as blithe as when the new-
born light
O'er Eden firſt his golden mantle
threw:
For lo! the ſun diſpels the ſhades of
night,
And fires the verdant lawn with
pearly dew.

And late as eve unfolds her ſable robe,
Studded with ſtars ſuperb of twink-
ling ray,
The moon as fair reveals her ſilver
globe,
As when in paradiſe ſhe clos'd the
day.

But neither ſpring, nor ſun, nor moon,
nor ſtar,
With varied charms can give my
boſom eaſe;
For, hence, alas! Eliza droops afar,
Immur'd the prey of ſickneſs and
diſeaſe.

Father of life! whoſe ſpirit heals the
air,
When fierce diſorders rage, or tem-
peſts roar:
Oh hear, Oh God of Love! my fer-
vent prayer,
And to my arms, in ſmiles, my love
reſtore!

W. EVANS.

Epigram on the old Miſer's Manſion-Houſe.

NO ſtick or ſtool within the houſe,
But, creaking, ſeems to beg a
ſous:
E'en bed itſelf bed-ridden ſeems,
And vents its woes, if touch'd, in
ſcreams.